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STORY OF THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

A STRANGER with archæological tastes on lately visiting Edinburgh asked a friend to point out to him the tomb of the Great Marquis of Montrose. The request was puzzling, for although it was known that the remains of Montrose had been buried in Edinburgh, people generally could tell nothing as to the situation of his tomb. The gentleman appealed to at length bethought himself from historical recollections that Montrose's tomb was somewhere in the church of St Giles, an old Gothic building that has undergone various vicissitudes. An eminent antiquary being consulted, the spot which had received the mangled remains of the Great Marquis was pointed out. It was a dark cavern, underneath the southern side of St Giles, reached by a flight of steps from the southern transept, and which cavern was occupied as a coal-cellar. On inspecting this dismal cavern, there was no vestige of tomb or any sepulchral ornament. The place was just a dirty, dingy coal-cellar, with a stove in one corner for sending warm air to the church above. We are not going to expatiate on so indecent a desecration; but will proceed to tell in a brief way the story of the distinguished man whose bones lie mouldering in that miserable coal-cellar.

The family of Graham, which attained to rank under the titular distinction of Montrose, is said to have settled in Scotland in the reign of David I., about the middle of the twelfth century. The principal line of the Grahams burst into distinction in the peerage in the reign of James I. of Scotland. Patrick Graham having been one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James, returned home in 1432, and was soon after created a peer as Baron Graham. The grandson of this personage was created Earl of Montrose in 1504. Hence there was a succession of several earls, whom it is unnecessary to individualise, until we come to James, fifth Earl of Montrose, born in 1612, and who succeeded his father in 1626. Now comes the history of the notable man of the family.

While a youth, James Graham was sent to the University of St Andrews by his guardian and brother-in-law, Archibald, Lord Napier, son of the famous inventor of logarithms. He was an apt if not an ardent student, and during the two or three seasons of his attendance at college, acquired a respectable amount of classical knowledge, besides exhibiting a genuine predilection for literature, which the stormy character of his after-life never quite destroyed. He married while still a young man, and had two sons. Returning from foreign travel, the young Earl of Montrose arrived about the time when Charles I. began his fatal struggle with the English parliament, and when Scotland was in a state of religious perturbation. In all quarters, things were verging towards a civil war—on the one side royalists, on the other Puritans and Covenanters. It was a grave crisis, and a young man entering the world behaved seriously to consider to which party he would attach himself. Naturally, from family tradition and his own fervour of character, the Earl of Montrose would probably have declared himself for the royalists; but he took part with the majority of the nation, who, in the first place, honestly contending for civil and religious liberty, were not aware that in revolutionary progress there is usually a lower depth, in which anarchy ends in military despotism. It was distinctly so on the present occasion, and in not a very long time did Montrose see that he had been too precipitate in his choice of party. At first, he zealously took part in framing the famous National Covenant, 1638; and in the year following he made three military expeditions to overawe the royalists in Aberdeenshire.

For a time, national distractions were allayed by concessions made by Charles I., who, in a conciliatory spirit, invited the leading Covenanted nobles to meet him at Berwick. By attending this meeting, Montrose is alleged to have been henceforth more lukewarm in the cause he had espoused. Yet, in 1640, when a Scottish force crossed the Tweed under the command of Leslie, in order to join the troops of the Parliament at

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York, Montrose was the first man who forded the river. Recalled to Scotland, he was accused of plotting against Argyll, who occupied a prominent place in the Scottish Estates, and was confined in Edinburgh Castle, where he remained till the beginning of 1642, when he was set at liberty. Whether from the indignity he felt at his treatment by Argyll on this occasion, or from a growing conviction that he had erred in attaching himself to the popular party, Montrose soon broke with the Covenanters, and privately ranged himself on the side of the king.

Set right, as he considered, in the line of duty at a tremendous national struggle, Montrose plunged with heroic energy into the cause of Charles I., which was already almost desperate. Erecting the royal standard at Dumfries, he was excommunicated by the Commission of the General Assembly, 1644, and obliged to retire into England. In the same year, in reward for his loyalty, the king raised him to the dignity of Marquis of Montrose. After the defeat of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, he left his men with that general, and returned to Scotland in the hope of raising forces in the Highlands. Now may be said to begin his most brilliant military exploits. For a time he travelled in the disguise of a groom with only two attendants—a circumstance that Sir Walter Scott has made use of in his *Legend of Montrose*. There is hardly anything in British history more chivalrous than what ensued. In a marvellous manner gathering together troops, Montrose attacked an army of the Covenanters, consisting of upwards of six thousand foot and horse, at Tippermuir, 1st September 1644, totally routed them, and took their artillery and baggage, without losing a man. Perth immediately surrendered to Montrose, and he had some further successes; but threatened by a superior force under the Marquis of Argyll, he retreated northwards into Badenoch, and thence sweeping down into Argyllshire, he mercilessly ravaged the country of the Campbells. Exasperated with the devastation of his estates, Argyll marched against Montrose, who, not waiting to be attacked, surprised the army of the Covenanters at Inverlochy, 2d February 1645, and totally defeated them, with the loss of only four or five men.

Brilliant as were these victories, they had no abiding influence in quenching this terrible civil war. It was a game of winning and losing; and looking to the fact that the Scotch generally took the side of the Covenant, the struggle was almost hopeless. Still Montrose was undaunted. After the Inverlochy affair, he went southwards through Elgin and Banff into Aberdeenshire, carrying everything before him. There was now nothing to prevent his march south, and he set out with a force of from five thousand to six thousand men. Crossing the Forth at the fords of Frew, eight miles above Stirling, he drew his army through the hilly ground in the centre of Stirlingshire, apparently designing to attack Glasgow. But

before executing that purpose, he was overtaken by Baillie at Kilsyth, and obliged to come to an engagement.

Montrose was well posted among a cluster of cottages and gardens, and his men had little to apprehend in case of attack. They, however, felt discouraged on observing a horse regiment which took up its position opposite to them. When the royalists saw the breast-plates of these men glittering in the sun, they could not help expressing some reluctance to charge them, complaining that they had to fight men clothed in iron, on whose persons their swords could be of no avail. Montrose overheard the muttering which went on along the line; and he no sooner heard it, than his ready genius suggested an idea, by which he might not only obviate the evil effects which it was calculated to produce, but even turn to his own advantage the circumstance which occasioned it. 'Gentlemen,' he said to the cavalry around him, 'do you see these cowardly rascals whom you beat at Tippermuir and Auldearn? Their officers, I declare, have at last found it impossible to bring them again before you, without first securing them against your blows with coats of mail. To shew our contempt for them, we'll fight them, if you please, in our shirts.'

With this brilliant sally, Montrose threw off his own coat and waistcoat, buckled up the sleeves of his shirt, and drawing his sword with an air of peculiar resolution and ferocity, immediately stood before them a perfect living statue or model of all that can be conceived terrific in the appearance of a soldier. His cavalry, who heard his address, were the first to imitate his example; and from them the enthusiasm of the moment speedily spread to the remoter ranks of the Highlanders and Irish. The proposal being, indeed, recommended by the heat of the day, it was everywhere received with applause. The horsemen contented themselves with merely taking off their upper garments, and buckling up their shirt sleeves; but the foot stripped their whole persons, even to their feet, retaining only their shirts, the skirts of which they tied betwixt their legs, while they also bared their arms to the shoulder. The people of this district of Scotland still retain a terrible remembrance of Montrose's half-naked army.

The battle soon commenced. Terrified beyond measure by the appearance of the naked and savage-looking royalists, certain regiments which Baillie had brought into the field, turned and dispersed themselves in every direction over the wide irregular country behind them. Montrose's men immediately gave chase. Those on horseback alone escaped. The Marquis of Argyll did not stop till he reached the little port of South Queensferry, upwards of twenty miles from the fatal field, where, taking boat, he got on board a vessel lying in the Firth of Forth, and so stood out to sea. The number of slain was upwards of six thousand, with very few killed on the side of the royalists.

The victory so effected, 15th August 1645, was the greatest Montrose ever gained. His triumph was complete, for the victory of Kilsyth put him in possession of the whole of Scotland. The government of the country was broken up; every organ of the recent administration, civil and ecclesiastical, at once vanished. The conqueror was hailed as 'the Great Marquis of Montrose.'

Glasgow yielded him tribute and homage; counties and burghs compounded for mercy. The city of Edinburgh humbly deprecated his vengeance, and implored his pardon and forgiveness. While encamped at Bothwell, he received a commission from Charles I., constituting him Lieutenant-governor of Scotland, and general of all his Majesty's forces there. He was also honoured with a communication to proceed towards the border, and there fall upon the Scottish army in the north of England.

It was easy for the king in his great straits in England to invest him with supreme authority. Montrose had not the power to execute the orders imposed on him. His army melted away, for he had no means of securing adherence. Nominally at the head of power, he was in fact powerless. With all his masterly ability, he had been only a successful commander in a kind of guerrilla warfare—not the appointed and trusted generalissimo of a kingdom. It may be admitted that he had nominally restored the royal authority, and properly supported, all would have been right. As it was, his authority was but an empty pageant. Two months before the battle of Kilsyth, the royal forces in England were totally defeated at Naseby, and matters were tending towards the surrender of the king. The conquests of Montrose were, in fact, valueless. He had fought a great fight, and it was sad to think with how little avail. Perhaps he was not quite aware of the low pass which the king's affairs had reached in England; nor did he know that the members of the terrified Scotch Estates could at once bring across the border an overpowering squadron of those indomitable Ironsides which had laid the royal authority in the dust. Not without a degree of pity do we read what ensued.

As if nothing could interrupt him in his march to the southern border, Montrose set out with a considerably diminished army, consisting of no more than seven hundred foot and two hundred mounted gentlemen. When near the border, he learned that General Leslie had reached Berwick with a detachment to intercept him, whereupon he resolved to retreat to the Highlands, where he could manœuvre with some degree of advantage. Acting on this resolution, he arrived on the night of the 12th September at a plain called Philiphaugh, near the town of Selkirk, and there his small army was encamped, while he took up his quarters in the town. The scouts whom he sent out in all directions brought no tidings of Leslie and his forces, although as a matter of fact they were quartered in the village of Melrose, only a few miles distant. Thick mists are said to have been the cause of this want of information, which, however, we must impute to negligence or treachery. At all events, Leslie with a body of four thousand horse marched along the bank of the Tweed from Melrose in the morning of the 13th, and presented themselves to the small and dismayed body of royalists at Philiphaugh.

Montrose at the first note of alarm hurried on horseback from the town, and putting himself at the head of his small band of cavalry, met the huge force with a firmness perfectly admirable. He even managed with this little band to repulse and stagger the great squadrons which attacked them. Again they came up to the charge; and again they were driven back. The bravery dis-

played by these desperate few was all in vain. A detachment that Leslie had sent to make a circuit and fall on the rear of the royalists, at this moment came down with flashing sabres on Montrose's small band of heroes, and at once decided the fate of the day. Finding themselves in danger of being completely surrounded and cut off, the party which had been led by Montrose broke away, making off through such portions of the field as seemed clearest of the enemy, each providing as he best might for his own safety. For a short time Montrose continued to fight in a sort of despair, supported by thirty brave friends who stuck to him. At length, on being entreated to spare himself for the sake of the royal cause, he gave the word to retreat, and the mass of Leslie's army made no attempt to oppose him.

With a few trusty followers on horseback, Montrose passed over the wild hilly ground to Peebles. There he rested for a night with his followers, previous to making his retreat to the Highlands.

On the flight of Montrose from Philiphaugh, his little army surrendered themselves prisoners. For safe custody, they were conducted to Newark Castle, an ancient mansion belonging to the Buccleuch family, at the opening to the vale of Yarrow. Confined to the courtyard of the castle, the prisoners expected that their lives would be spared. With no wish to commit an act unwarranted by the usages of war, Leslie was disposed to be merciful; but constrained by the solicitations or commands of his gloomy ecclesiastical associates, he caused the whole to be shot by his troopers—a base act that remains a stain on his character. It was a horrid massacre. The spot where the poor wretches were buried in a field in the neighbourhood, is still called 'the Slain Men's Lee.'

The battle of Philiphaugh, which lasted little more than half an hour, was fought on Saturday 13th September 1645. By the victory, all that had been effected by the battle of Kilsyth was undone. Montrose was a helpless wanderer. His attempts to raise a fresh insurrection in favour of the royal authority were abortive, and at length were put a stop to by the surrender of Charles I. to parliamentary commissioners, followed by the king's withdrawal of his commission. Till more auspicious times, Montrose went abroad. At Paris, he became acquainted with Cardinal de Retz; and that penetrating judge describes him in his *Memoirs* as one of those heroes, of whom there are no longer any specimens in the world, and who are only to be met with in Plutarch.

We now come to the last act in this melancholy drama. Hearing of the death of Charles I., Montrose offered his services to Charles II., who was residing as a refugee at the Hague, and by him was authorised to conduct a fresh expedition into Scotland. He entered on this enterprise with his usual spirit; landing at Orkney with some forces early in 1650. The campaign was of short duration. In passing through the county of Sutherland, his party were intercepted by General Strachan, and dispersed. Montrose wandered about for some time in the mountainous country, in which he was nearly starved for want of food. At length he was taken prisoner, and sent on to Edinburgh, at which he was aware an ignominious death awaited him.

On Saturday 18th May, the captured hero was brought into Edinburgh by the gateway at the foot of the Canongate. Here commenced the series of ignominious inflictions, which had been decreed by the committee of the Scotch Estates. He was in the first place commanded by the hangman to uncover himself in obedience to the terms of his sentence. On his refusing or hesitating to do so, the hangman rudely snatched off his hat, and took it away from him. He was then placed in a cart, which had been constructed on purpose for his transportation through the city, and which was peculiarly calculated to exhibit his person to the crowd. Bound in a tall chair, he was carted to the Tolbooth, with every circumstance of disgrace. In going up the Canongate, the procession passed in front of Moray House, on the stone balcony of which stood the Marquis of Argyll and his family, to see the show.

On the Monday following this degrading exhibition, Montrose was brought by summons before parliament. Before this tribunal he delivered a pathetic and manly appeal, vindicating his actions; and in particular shewing that he had changed his original principles only on discovering that certain leaders of the Covenanting party designed to take the life of the king and to subvert the monarchy, which in point of fact had been done. His address, of course, made no impression on his hearers. He was sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and dismembered next day at three o'clock. He heard his doom with dauntless fortitude. In the ensuing night he reduced his last sentiment to verse, and inscribed it on the window of his cell. The lines were afterwards found to run as follows:

'Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air;
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms
are,

I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.'

Any account of the execution of Montrose must necessarily be passed over. It is sufficient to say that dressed ceremoniously as if for a festive occasion, he submitted with dignity to his fate. After life was extinct, his body was dismembered on the scaffold; his head stuck on a pike at the west end of the prison or Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and other parts of his person placed over the gateways of different towns; while the trunk was buried underneath the gallows, on the Borough-muir. Thus perished the Great Marquis of Montrose, May 21, 1650. At the time, the body which held rule in Scotland doubtless felt justified in what they did; but, as everybody is aware, they were destined to undergo a speedy and fearful awakening. In less than six months afterwards, September 3, Oliver Cromwell defeated the Scotch under Leslie at Dunbar; following on which, a year later, was the defeat at Worcester, whereupon all that the Covenanting party had been contending for was ruthlessly stamped out.

So matters remained until 1660, when monarchy was restored in the person of Charles II. A revulsion of feeling now ensued regarding Montrose. His scattered remains were collected and deposited in the Abbey Church of Holyrood,

where they remained till 14th May 1661, when the body was, with the greatest solemnity and magnificence, carried to the church of St Giles, and interred in the vault underneath the Montrose aisle—a vault which has been tastelessly suffered to degenerate into the coal-cellar already alluded to. It is to be hoped that something will be done to restore the aisle and the vault in a manner befitting the memory of the Great Marquis.

Little can be said of Montrose's family. Of his two sons, the elder pre-deceased him; and he was succeeded by his other son, James, as second Marquis, to whom the title was restored. There was hence a regular succession till the present day. James, the fourth Marquis, who took an active part in promoting the Union, was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Montrose, 1707. The present peer succeeded as fifth Duke, 1874.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLV.—MRS DIVER'S REMINISCENCES.

ARRIVING in front of the *Dolphin*, which still designated itself as 'hotel and posting-house,' and of which in old times the most lucrative part of the business had probably been that which was mixed up with bright-coloured jackets and mahogany topped boots, Lord Harrogate hesitated. He did not quite like, accompanied by a policeman in plain clothes, to ring the bell, and ask for information concerning the events of almost twenty years before. Nevertheless he rang the bell. 'I wish,' he said, 'to see the landlord or the landlady.'

'Mrs Diver, sir, is it?' demanded the goggle-eyed waiter, neat enough as to his black raiment, clean enough as to his napkin and cravat, who answered the summons, but a Milesian confessed, whose Irishisms were a source of grief to his good mistress. Such as he was, Tim—he heroically repudiated the English diminutive of his Christian name, and stuck to the monosyllable by which he had been called in County Carlow—was the head-waiter of the *Dolphin*. A first-rate town-made waiter was too costly an article for that reduced establishment. Mrs Diver, worthy soul, would as soon have harboured a Chinese as a German. Were not both foreigners alike? So she chose an Irishman, and drilled him as best she might. Mrs Diver herself, when the visitors had been inducted into her particular parlour, was seen to be precisely that typical landlady of which it is a pity that the British Museum should not secure a stuffed specimen before it becomes extinct. Fat, fair, and comely she had been, no doubt, at the date concerning which she had to be questioned; and now she was as a photograph of her former buxom self, a little less fat, a trifle less firm of substance, with cheeks slightly thinner, and the marks that Time's rude finger had traced around her eyes a little deeper than had then been the case.

A good manager, a pattern landlady according to her code of manners, with a fine memory for the names of the young ladies and the ages of the young gentlemen belonging to the county families whose patronage was her pride, had Mrs Diver ever been. Her kind thoughtful face must have

been amongst the pleasantest of the early recollections of many a youngster doomed to serve, and possibly to die, in the heavy heat and amid the parching dust-storms of India. Her bills were not too long. The old *Dolphin* had never been a dear hotel; but Mrs Diver must have made money, for she weathered the bad times that followed her halcyon period of prosperity, and kept the ancient sign of the ancient house still aloft.

Mrs Diver was more flustered than she cared to own, when once she had been given to understand the rank and condition of the two 'gentlemen from London' who desired a few minutes' conversation with her. With squires and their squires, with bishops and their ladies, archdeacons and their wives, and baronets and their dames, her way of life had made her tolerably familiar. But she had only twice spoken with a lord, and with a detective—never. And of the two strangers, although she revered the lord, she dreaded the detective the most, crediting the inspector with a more than human insight into those cupboards in which we all keep, under lock and key, the proverbial skeleton.

'You see, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, with a little cough—the cough deprecatory—'there have been so many children brought here—more especially years ago, when, I don't mind saying in confidence, business was brisker, very much brisker than I find it now.'

In uttering this sentence she glanced twice at the policeman; first, as though he might possibly have catalogued all the children who had ever occupied a dimity curtained cot at the *Dolphin*, and secondly, as if his professional vision could pierce the marbled binding of her ledger, and gauge her gains and losses with the precision of an accountant engaged to 'wind up' the affairs of the family hotel.

'My question,' said Lord Harrogate, 'referred to a particular year [mentioning the date], and to a child's having been brought here under circumstances somewhat unusual.'

'Which, from information I have received,' hinted Inspector Drew, 'I believe to have been the case.'

'A little boy, or a little girl?' asked Mrs Diver, knitting her brows, as visibly ransacking the storehouse of her memory.

'A little girl certainly,' returned Lord Harrogate.

'Ah, my lord, there it is!' was Mrs Diver's provoking response; 'because, if it had been a boy, there was one brought here that very year, I think—but it's in black and white in my books—all alone, with three foreign servants, two of them heathens from India, and the third a Frenchman, who similarly wore gold rings, only his were in his ears, and theirs in their noses—Master John Budgeon—papa supposed to be a Nabob enormously rich—sent here for the sea-bathing, and having water on the brain, and a head as big as four, died, poor lad, at the *Dolphin*, No. 23—which was much regretted.'

'Your memory, I find, Mrs Diver, is an excellent one,' said Lord Harrogate. 'Can you not tax it still further, and remember another child—a girl this time, who was your guest in that same year, somewhat oddly?'

The landlady shook her head. 'Nothing odd,' she said demurely, 'comes here, preferring other

establishments where the ways may be better suited to taste. Though, in my father's time—for we have kept this house, my lord, for three generations—I can just remember Mr Romeo Coates, though I believe such was not his Christian name, with the gold cocks on the blinkers of his horses, and the splash-board, and the hammer-cloth, quite a sight to see—eccentric, they said, but a capital customer. No; I recollect no other child in particular that year except Miss Ada, Sir Thomas Claypole's youngest daughter, that came to Sandston with her parents after the measles; and—let me see, yes, Miss Gray—Ruth, as they called her then—Ethel, as we called her afterwards. She came to Sandston that year.'

'Who called her Ruth?' exclaimed Lord Harrogate, forgetting his diplomacy in his astonishment, while the inspector screwed up his mouth as though whistling silently. Mrs Diver elevated her broad eyebrows a very little.

'Dear me,' she said, with a quick glance at her visitors, 'I hope nothing is intended as to the dear young lady that she might not like?'

'Nothing, nothing; I assure you of that, Mrs Diver,' said Lord Harrogate; and Mrs Diver took another look at the handsome eager face of the young man, and gave full credence to what he said. Her womanly interest in matches actual or problematic made her sharp-sighted in such a case, and enabled her to conjecture with tolerable accuracy how matters stood.

'It's a wonderful chance for her, without a penny to her fortune, and husbands growing scarcer, they say, every day. A lord! But if he were a prince, and could make her a queen one day, he'd not be a bit too good for her,' thought Mrs Diver, as she went on slowly and smilingly: 'They called her Ruth at first; so no doubt 'tis her own old name, though she has very likely forgotten it; and I for one was careful never to call her anything but Miss Ethel, to please Mrs Keating, our vicar's wife, who adopted her, that is, after Mrs Linklater, good soul, was taken from us.'

The inspector's note-book was out by this time and up his sleeve, in which awkward position its owner occupied himself in stealthily taking notes.

'Of Mrs Keating, the wife of your clergyman here, and a college friend of my father's, I have heard before,' said Lord Harrogate. 'I think, but am not sure, that I have also heard of Mrs Linklater—as a mere name, however, which conveys no very distinct ideas.'

'Mrs Linklater, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, smoothing out with her fat fore-finger a crease in her well-worn gown of black silk, 'was the landlady of a lodging-house here in Sandston, No. 9 Bouverie Villas, as respectable a church-going charitable woman as ever I knew, and the widow of a customs-officer, who missed his footing on the cliff-path one moonless night. And when this Mr Gray—from Australia, so I understood, and early left a widower—with this one little child to care for, came and stopped at the *Dolphin*, and then inquired for good lodgings, kept by careful people, with whom he could leave his little daughter during an occasional absence which business would render necessary, what could I do better than to recommend Mrs Linklater's apartments?'

The substance of what Mrs Diver had to tell was briefly this. At the precise period concerning which information was desired, there had arrived in Sandston a gentleman named Gray, a widower, with one child under his care, and who, by his own account, had newly returned from Australia. A handsome, somewhat melancholy gentleman, and apparently well to do in the world, was this Mr Gray. He attracted much notice, and a good deal of sympathy, during his short stay at the quiet East Anglian bathing-place. He still wore mourning, as deep as the new black frock and black ribbons of the tiny baby-girl whose waxen fingers rested passively in the strong hand that supported her weak steps.

'The little thing'—such was the remark of a critical old maid—'does not seem to take very much to her papa.'

And such was certainly the case. The orphaned child did not cling to her father's caressing hand, meet his kind glance, or nestle beside him, as other bereaved little ones so often learn to do. No man can ever be to a child what a mother is; but children are usually wondrous quick to find out those who love them. As it was, small Ruth Gray had a strange, scared look, would glance around her as if in piteous search for some lost object, and would then fall to weeping, and need kisses and soothing words—seldom lacking, so naturally did her motherless state knock at the door of all women's hearts—to lull her grief to sleep.

Meanwhile, nothing could be more satisfactory than the conduct of Mr Gray. He did not indeed hire, as a wealthier man would have done, a trained nurse for the child. But he engaged Mrs Linklater's somewhat expensive apartments for two months certain, and assented to that excellent lady's suggestion as to enlisting what she called 'a cheap girl' as Ruth's attendant.

'I'll be head-nurse, I'm sure sir, most willing,' said soft-hearted Mrs Linklater, who idolised children, and who had none of her own left since the sad day on which her one bold, fair-haired boy was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-yawl.

The gossips of Sandston did not see very much, after all, of the disconsolate widower from Australia. On the sixth day, whether by letter or by telegram, Mr Gray was summoned away in hot haste. Purse in hand, he announced his intended absence for ten days. Ruth must, of course, be left under Mrs Linklater's wing. Mr Gray paid for everything in advance, and with a liberality which the landlady's intimate friends, assembled round the social teapot in the back-parlour, declared to be that of a true gentleman.

It was often remembered in after-years, that parting of the widower from his little daughter, and how he had stooped to pat the soft cheek of the large-eyed child, who had shrunk, palpably shrunk, away from him, holding tight to the skirts of honest Mrs Linklater. The landlady had felt compelled to apologise for the undutiful coldness of her orphaned charge. 'Poor darlings, they're often so,' she had said. And then grave Mr Gray had smiled a little oddly, and had said a word or two of leave-taking, and left the house.

Mr Gray's absence lasted more than ten days. It lasted more than ten weeks, ten months, ten years. Sandston saw the Australian widower no more. A London solicitor wrote formally and

frigidly to say that he was commissioned by his client, Mr Gray, unavoidably recalled to the antipodes, to make certain half-yearly payments for the maintenance and education of little Miss Gray. Many an honest woman in Mrs Linklater's position would have resented the stratagem, only too palpable, by which she had been tricked into taking the charge of a stranger's child. But Mrs Linklater was not hard-natured, and to have been angry with Mr Gray's innocent little girl because of Mr Gray's duplicity was an altitude of austere virtue beyond her reach.

How the deserted child grew up beautiful, lovable, and loved by such few friends as sympathy for her desolate estate, and none the less for her winning ways, procured her—how the lawyer ceased to remit money, and Mr Gray kept a silence never to be broken—how Mrs Linklater died, and Mrs Keating took home the child to the parsonage, calling her Ruth no longer, but Ethel, in memory of a little daughter of her own, loved and lost—and how, finally, when Mrs Keating was ordered to the south of France by her physician, Miss Gray had sought and obtained the situation of a village schoolmistress—these things did Mrs Diver copiously narrate.

Then Lord Harrogate tried the effect of a few questions, the inspector sitting silent and watchful, with much the same expression on his face which we may notice on that of an intelligent collie-dog while his master is bargaining in fair or market concerning the fleeces or the mutton of those sheep that weigh so heavily, as regards their safe keeping, on the dog's sensitive conscience.

Was Mr Gray alone when he first appeared in Sandston? Yes; to the best of Mrs Diver's knowledge, quite alone. He brought no servant with him, and was quite unaccompanied, save by the child. Could Mrs Diver remember to have noticed at that time any rough suspicious-looking stranger hanging about the place? Or to have heard that Mr Gray had been seen conferring with such a person during his short stay? Again the reply was in the negative.

'Bad people as well as good people,' said the landlady of the *Dolphin*, 'come to Sandston, as to other places, and we have incurred loss at the hotel, as often occurs in our line, in consequence of such. There was a seafaring fellow prying about this very year in our yard and tap-room and where not, who meant no good, unless his looks belied him; and very careful I bade the barmaid and waiter be with the spoons, until he took his ugly face away with him. But Mr Gray was too much the gentleman to consort with such.'

At mention of a seafaring man of sinister mien who had been lurking about the *Dolphin* that very year, the inspector had pricked up his ears with canine sharpness, while Lord Harrogate inquired whether Mrs Diver had ever before seen the person of whom she spoke, and whether she had heard his name.

'Well, no, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, after a moment's consideration; 'I can't call to mind that I did. And as for his name, why, I had the curiosity, for a wonder, to ask it of Will Ostler, that acknowledged having been treated by him to beer and likewise spirits, for he was always talking with such of our servants as would listen to him. But nobody knew his name; and if

asked about it, he used to answer with a laugh that it was "Hans in Kelder," and that he had been long enough among the Dutchmen to have learned that "Hans in Kelder" was a good name to sail under in strange latitudes.

'It's a common answer among foreign seamen down by the Docks, who don't choose to give their real names,' remarked the detective, in explanation. "Jack in the Cellar" would be the plain English of it.'

Dr and Mrs Keating, it appeared, were still on the continent; nor did it seem likely that their presence in Sandston would have added anything material to the stock of facts already gleaned. Opinions, in the place, had been divided with regard to Mr Gray, one set of gossips holding him to have been a heartless and unprincipled man; while another more charitably inclined to the belief that he had died in the course of his wanderings, and that his non-return from the antipodes was due to the fact that he no longer lived to revisit his native country and claim his lander.

'I recollect, as if it were yesterday,' said the landlady, who was pleased to have a sympathetic listener, and flattered that the listener should be of patrician rank, 'when first I set eyes on Mr Gray, and the little angel, with her lovely little face all scared and wonder-stricken, as one may say. She took to me pretty soon, the darling—children mostly do, I'm glad to say; but she seemed as though her natural playfulness was frightened away, perhaps by the journey and the strange places, and I could not get her to smile. The first things that seemed to interest her were some great shells that a brother of mine had brought me back from the South Seas, and that were then on the chimney-piece in No. 36—that was the number of the sitting-room.'

Lord Harrogate remembered what Ethel had said as to the shells that were among her own earliest memories; and his heart beat the quicker as Mrs Diver added, smiling: 'Those, my lord, are the very shells, brought down two months ago, to my parlour here, when we refurnished 36—those big pink ones with the long spikes, and most of the furniture you see was in No. 36 in the year your lordship mentioned. This, for instance;' and as Mrs Diver spoke, she rose to call attention to a handsome lacquer-work cabinet, the work of some cunning artisan, Japanese or Chinese, in the Far East. 'A present too, from my brother Joe, and which old General Tiffin—afterwards Sir Samuel Tiffin—greatly admired when he stayed here. I remember shewing the dear child—meaning Miss Gray—the drawers, to amuse her, and how they jumped open when these little ivory knobs were touched.'

And Mrs Diver, suiting the action to the word, pressed her finger on two or three of the knobs successively, when lo! open flew shallow drawers of varying width, giving out a faint scent of sandalwood, and disclosing scraps of lacework, beads, skeins of Berlin-wool and coloured silk, and other useless relics of the past. Amidst these there appeared an object on which the inspector, mute and vigilant till then, pounced with the swoop of an osprey, and catching it up between his finger and thumb, exclaimed: 'By your leave! You'll bear me out, my lord, and this good lady too, how this turned up! It was a losing hand,

to my mind, when we began to play; but now the game's our own, or I am not Inspector Drew of the detectives. A clear case, to my mind, for any jury.'

THE CLOCK AND BELL OF WESTMINSTER.

THE mechanical and financial difficulties which chequered the early history of the mighty clock and bell of Westminster were pretty well known to the readers of *Chambers's Journal* some years ago. But there are reasons why a rapid glance at recent proceedings would be acceptable. The great clock has had ample opportunity of proving its truly wonderful excellences; Big Ben the bell too has told his story well; and experts have within the last few years been ascertaining in what way both have been doing their work, and how proudly they deserve their reputation.

The opportunity has arisen in the following way. There is in London a Society called the *Horological Institute*, the members of which are mostly clock and watch makers of the busy Clerkenwell district. On three or four occasions these members have been invited to visit the clock-room at the Westminster Palace, there to see what is to be seen, and to hear explanations either from the maker or the designer. The latter (in past years known as Mr E. Beckett Denison, now as Sir Edmund Beckett) is one of the most skilful amateur mechanicians in England; and he it is whose plans have been virtually carried out in the construction of the great clock. The second visit of the Institute, in 1872, was to celebrate the 'coming of age' of the clock twenty-one years after the agreement for its manufacture had been signed. On the third visit, in 1875, the members in their examination of the clock were attended by Sir Edmund Beckett himself. A fourth visit was paid in 1877. Every visit is a 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;' for an ascent has to be made up three or four hundred steps, and then the room is far too small to admit all who have been invited. The clock when finished had to wait some years for the finishing of the tower; and then the tower was found too small for Big Ben to be hauled up within it, except by placing the poor fellow temporarily on his side.

The clock is indeed a grand work. The four dials, facing the four points of the compass, are each so large that (in Sir Edmund's words) 'there are but few rooms in London that would contain one of them on the floor.' They are more than twenty-two feet in diameter; the framework, figures, and divisions are of iron, and the spaces filled in with opalescent glass. The figures are two feet high; and the minute-marks nearly twelve inches apart—little as we may think it when looking up at the clock from Palace Yard. The minute-hand, with its counterweight and central boss, is about two hundredweight. This, however, is little more than one-third as much as the

original hand designed by Sir Charles Barry, which was so elaborate and intricate, so full of angles and quirks, that they interfered with the going of the clock. The present minute-hand is for the most part a flattened copper tube, and is eleven feet long without the counterweight. During a heavy snow-storm, a few winters ago, the mixture of snow and rain that fell on it pressed so heavily on it as to stop the going. The hands of the four dials are it is said the largest in the world, except those of the Mechlin Clock—which are, however, only hour-hands, not comprising those which mark the minutes.

Large clock-hands of course require the descent of heavy weights to set them going. Those at Westminster are indeed heavy. No less a depth than a hundred and seventy feet in the clock-tower is allotted for the descent of the weight. Going-weights and striking-weights together, they require four thousand turns of a doubly-manned winch-handle to wind up. Sir Edmund said to the Horologists: 'Various suggestions were made by ingenious people for dispensing with manual labour for winding; steam, water, the rise of the tide, and other things even more unlikely were recommended. My answer was that the winding and care of the clock would cost perhaps less than the interest on the automatic machinery or steam-engine; that any such machinery would be liable to get out of order, and would of course require a man to attend to it however automatic it might profess to be. Therefore, as I always prefer simple to complicated things, I prefer to have the winding done in the old-fashioned way, running no risk of failure. I got over the difficulty of the maintaining-power by directing the man to stop winding about a minute before each hour and quarter.'

As there are weights to set the noble clock going, so must there be a pendulum to regulate the motion when once produced; and it is a pendulum, in good sooth. It weighs nearly seven hundred pounds, is about thirteen feet long to the centre of oscillation, and fifteen feet total length. The rod which holds it consists of a perforated iron tube inside one of zinc. Every beat of the pendulum has to regulate the motion of something like a ton and a half of metal, in the forms of hands, counterweights, and clock-machinery; and yet so delicately is it suspended by a slip of spring steel that one single ounce placed upon it at a particular spot would affect the rate of regulation!

Wheels, weights, hands, pendulums—all have been so carefully planned and constructed, that the accuracy of the clock is something marvellous. The Astronomer-royal, Sir George Biddell Airy, gives it a very high character. We are told that the clock is *less than one second* wrong on two hundred days in the year; that the average for the whole year barely exceeds a second and a half; that it compares well, not only with any church clock, but bravely with the fine astronomical clock at Greenwich Observatory; and that the Royal Exchange clock, which had been regarded as the most accurate ever constructed, is now excelled by the clock at Westminster. 'In November 1875,' it is stated, 'the nights were so dark and murky, that for ten days none of the clock-stars' [a name given to the stars which measure or determine the true time by their position above the horizon]

'were visible; when they reappeared, it was found that the Observatory clock had gone a second and a half wrong through want of correction.' Big Ben's Companion had not erred so much in the interval, which speaks well for the excellence of all the working parts of a clock that has only been stopped five times in fourteen years. One of these occasions was when a fire in the tower had smoked the going and striking trains; another was by the snow-accumulation stopping the hands; the latest was in the autumn of last year, when the clock was purposely stopped during the painting and gilding of the upper part of the tower.

And now for the *Bells*, which audibly tell the world how time ceaselessly flies, or is moving on. The chimes, the four bells which denote the quarters, are pleasing in their harmony and well attuned; and those Londoners who have a familiarity with them may be interested in knowing the notes of the gamut which are given forth. The highest of the four is G[♯], the next F[♯], the third E, and the fourth or lowest B, the whole being attuned to the key of E natural or four sharps. Small as the bells are compared with Ben their giant companion, they are anything but small when compared with the chimes of other great clocks; their weights being greater than those of most hour-bells. Bells that range from four to six feet diameter at the mouth are anything but 'little.'

But Big Ben is the mighty chief. His tone is just an octave lower than that of the lowest chime-bell. Authorities, it must be admitted, differ somewhat concerning his exact dimensions; but we shall not be far wrong in saying that he weighs about fourteen tons (more than thirty thousand pounds), that he is nine feet in diameter at the mouth, nearly nine inches thick at the sound-bow, and that he requires a hammer of four hundredweight to strike him. Few people are aware that Ben is really cracked. The hammer first used, much too heavy for the purpose, wrought the mischief. It was then found, on examination of the inner and outer surfaces, and on analysis of the metal, that through defective casting the outside was harder and more brittle than the inside; the bell-metal had not been well mixed, the outside of the bell containing more tin and less copper than its due proportion. Nevertheless, as the tone is not found to be perceptibly injured, Ben is still able to ring out his magnificent bass voice. Whether the experts have any misgivings for the future, we know not.

As the five bells (the four chime-bells and Ben) take a long while to strike the hour, it has not unreasonably been asked which of the sounds denotes the actual time, the hour within a second or so of absolute accuracy? The arrangement, it appears, stands thus. The first stroke of quarter-past and half-past may be a few seconds wrong; the first stroke of the three-quarter chime is more nearly correct; the first of the hour-chime more correct still; but the first stroke of Ben himself denotes the true hour, the real 'What's o'clock?' As sound is not instantaneously conveyed to a distance, it follows that Ben is a little late when heard at distant spots. From a calculation which has been made, it appears that the sound takes ten seconds to travel to Euston and St Pancras Stations, Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Stations,

the Tower, Camberwell, Battersea Park, South Kensington Museum, and the bridge over the Serpentine; while the retardation amounts to twenty seconds at Kensal Green, Hampstead, Upper Holloway, Hackney, Victoria Park, Limehouse, Deptford, Dulwich, Tooting, Wandsworth, Fulham, and Hammersmith. In whatever part of the metropolis we may be, therefore, we can still set our watches accurately by Big Ben, by making these small allowances. An ingenious map has been published by the Horological Institute, setting forth these travel-distances of the sound of the mighty bell.

Situated in the immediate vicinity of the Houses of Parliament, the clock-tower, we may not unfittingly remark, tells the world in a very ingenious way whether Mr Speaker is 'sitting,' or whether the House has risen and the members gone their several ways. Experiments on many kinds of powerful artificial light have been made, to determine which is best suited to throw a brilliant beam visible from a distance. The rays are directed mostly to the north and the west, the region of the fashionable and parliamentary world; they begin to shine at dusk, when the House is sitting, and are extinguished when the sitting closes; at most of the club-houses a porter can ascertain by walking a few yards whether the light is in or not. The rays can be seen on a clear night from Primrose Hill.

A prodigious amount of public money has been spent upon these famous products of human skill, these admirable time-tellers. The official accounts narrate that the clock itself cost four thousand pounds; but that the suggestions, oppositions, doubts, difficulties, experiments, failures, &c. increased this sum enormously as the work went on. Sir Charles Barry's original dials and hands, and the alterations subsequently made, ran away with more than five thousand pounds, Big Ben and his four companions six thousand; while the extensive and massive framework, and the various arrangements for adjusting the whole at the top of a lofty tower, have augmented the outlay to a sum exceeding twenty-two thousand pounds sterling.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

ONE of the jolliest fellows on the tolerably long list of my acquaintance is Charles Filby; and though the wrong side of sixty as to age, he yet is as genial and as lively as many young men I wot of—livelier, in point of fact. I was seated with him after dinner, a few evenings since, enjoying the fragrant weed in perhaps as lovely a little retreat as the eye could possibly wish to behold—namely a Devonshire garden; and noting my friend's brows, during a lull in our pleasant chat, become suddenly clouded, I offered him the meagre sum of a penny for his thoughts.

'You shall have them free, gratis, for nothing, my boy,' was the rejoinder. 'Well, then, I was thinking of my lost diamonds, and moreover what a capital present the like would make for your "Darling Flossy" on her wedding morn. Wouldn't her bright eyes sparkle, eh? . . . Between you and me, Percy (and this is in strict confidence), she may—I say she *may* have such a present, in spite of my long-ago misfortune. I think the thing

by no means impossible. But I won't say who the donor will be. O dear, no! Not by any means!'

'You're a good fellow, Filby. Age hasn't robbed you of warmth of heart and generous feelings. But what about these lost diamonds you were thinking of? I'm all impatience to learn the details, especially as seeing our acquaintance has been of long standing, and this is the first time I've heard you even mention the matter.'

'For the best of all reasons, Percy—a man doesn't care to be laughed at for a greenhorn. The fact is no Englishman likes to be done; and when he *is*, prefers keeping his grievance to himself, rather than be laughed at for a "flat," or get that kind of milk-and-water sympathy which is as disgusting as it is insincere. However, I'll unbosom myself for once; and if you *do* elect to call me blockhead, I can't help it.

'You remember the time of the Crimea war? Of course you do though. Well, at that time I held a tolerably long lease of my old shop in Barbican. And Barbican as you know, used to be, whatever it is now, not the least important street in London town. Ah, the gold and silver refining trade *then* was in the zenith of its prosperity; at that time you could buy cheap and sell dear; besides, the profit accruing from ready-made jewellery and precious stones was not by any means meagre. I did not, it is true, keep much of a show in the window; but my customers knew that I had a rare and valuable stock in drawers inside, and that was enough alike for me and them.

'Well, my lad, as I have before said, it was the time of the Crimea war. It was about as near as I can remember eleven o'clock in the morning of a bitterly cold day in December—a Tuesday—when either the slush or the piercing biting cold, or the leaden ominous sky that loomed overhead and threatened a snowstorm, kept people who had money, by their fireside or in bed: indeed few people of any kind were abroad, and all things outside were as gruesome and dispiriting as they well could be. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop-door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else, for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neck-band was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob, gave him not only a highly respectable appearance but stamped him as wealthy withal. That's to say, I thought so. Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably

long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it upon my counter (his well arranged silver hair became him immensely), and gave me a "good-morning" and a smile which was incalculably pleasing and good to see. This man is a Christian: goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I mentally told myself. I put on my very best manner and politely asked him his pleasure.

"I have been recommended to you, sir" (he mentioned a firm with which I dealt largely in the way of bar-silver). "I am given to understand," he continued, "that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments."

"I signified that such was really the case.

"Well," he proceeded, "I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir, a pure, sweet-tempered child—is on the eve of marriage, and I (naturally, you will say) am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding-present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy; nor—pardon me, Mr Filby—nor do I desire any artfully contrived specimen of the jeweller's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that *look* what they literally are—and I do not mind how high I go as to price."

"All this was fair and square and above-board. Undoubtedly my prospective customer, though a clergyman, was moreover an excellent man of business, and one that wouldn't brook trifling. I made up my mind to acquiesce to his every wish—and charge him as long a price as I reasonably could.

"I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride. I expected, I must own, that my customer would appear surprised, to say the least, at the dazzling array. Not so, however. And that's to put it mildly; for when I uncovered my goods and looked up at him with a self-satisfied look on my face, there was a look on his which bore a semblance of indifference, not to say disdain. This nettled me somewhat; but on second thoughts I told myself that it was possible he, personally, did not care for the pomps and vanities of this world, though anxious to procure such commodities for his daughter.

"After careful examination, he selected a pair of diamond earrings (eighty pounds); a diamond bracelet (two hundred pounds); a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle—and a half-hoop diamond ring (the two, one hundred and fifty-two pounds ten shillings). A tolerably good-morning's work, you will say. We shall see.

"Well! after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew forth from his breast-pocket a goodly-sized Russia-leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank-notes and a cheque, proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"The cheque is good; you will perceive"—he began.

"My dear sir," I interrupted (the cheque was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name).

"I know what you would say, sir," he said,

holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; "you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong! As a business man, you should be ever careful. It behoves us all to be so at times. Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing." Saying which, he laughed a laugh, which somehow or other seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However, he proceeded to pay me the amount due, as I have said.

"Let me see," he continued musingly; "it will be in all, four—three—two—ten. Good! If you will kindly look over these, Mr Filby, you will find there is threepence short of the required sum, which I will pay you in copper coin immediately." He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound Bank of England notes, ten five-pound notes, and the cheque spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds nine and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so."

"Nay," he rejoined; "that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—ay, and to the uttermost farthing. I buy goods of you for a certain amount; I therefore must pay you every iota of that certain amount, or I shall not be easy in my mind."

"A really upright man this; lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"Then there ensued an awkward pause, awkward because, for the life of me, I could not think of anything to say; and as for my reverend customer, he seemed in an all but brown-study. At any rate he seemed by no means in a hurry to take his purchase and be gone—appeared indeed to wish to linger awhile, seemingly for no earthly purpose, seeing that our transaction was at an end, and that he seemed not to care to talk. Presently he again took out his pocket-book, counted over six or seven five-pound notes, and became absorbed in casting up some figures: that done, he began fiddling with some leaves, turning them over and over and then back again.

"By way of turning my attention to other matters, I took up the *Times*; but before scanning its pages I chanced to look towards my shop-door, and saw a tall heavily built man peering through the glass. He was somewhat curious to look upon, I must confess; for the snow that had been threatening, was fiercely and rapidly descending outside, and this man was covered with the white feathery flakes from head to foot. On seeing my gaze steadily fixed at him, he pushed open the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle eye, this man—eager, sidelong, piercing; thoughtful brows too; and there was huge determination about the lower part of his face. Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet

upon my shop carpet (which I thought a rather cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappets of his sealskin travelling-cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff boisterous manner: "In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable!—Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting 'Slippery Dick!'" Then letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: "You've had a narrow escape, sir. I've no doubt now, that our *reverend* friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a *pretended* (mark that!) purchaser to a very tidy tune!"

"If you mean sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me," I returned, somewhat indignantly, "you are right in your conjecture. But may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner, and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impertinent questions? . . . Who are you?" I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my shopman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

"You'll very soon know who I am," he returned coolly. "Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do. . . . Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. This man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg—a canting humbug—a swindler: in a word, as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have to deal with!"

"I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demoniac in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

"The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly, and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly and suddenly as a flash of lightning. He became, in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, while his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

"I did not put this down to guilt; no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the Gospel accused of such enormities.

"The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the reverend gentleman with unfeigned admiration, at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me and winked knowingly.

"Our Christian friend is clever, oh! He is doing the work of a certain Evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, ah!" he ejaculated, reverting again to his boisterous manner. "But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr Filby, belong to the fancy iron trade, and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can." Saying which, he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an inspector of police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrists a pair of handcuffs!

"This is shocking—really horrible," I couldn't help saying.

"No sentiment, please," returned the inspector angrily. "Leave me to do *my* work, and take care you do *yours*."

"But my good friend," the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, "you are utterly mistaken. I like—I in fine have nought but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be. . . . If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go!"

"No; you won't."

"I mean I will go into the details of our transaction. . . . The notes are good, genuine, sir?"

"Perfectly so," I responded; "I would stake my life on their soundness."

"Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at these sound and genuine Bank of England notes."

"What could I do but hand them to him?"

"Ah! as I thought!" he then exclaimed. "Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so! Pity our pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honourably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means. . . . These, sir, are rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out, I'll admit, but forgeries for all that!" he declared emphatically, laying the notes down on my counter and placing his elbow on them. "Now, I shouldn't wonder," he resumed, "if our reverend specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter—his daughter a wedding present?"

"I said that such was really the fact.

"Ah, just so! The old, old game; the old story. . . . I wonder, Dick ('Slippery Dick' is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale, you know."

"Dick" looked daggers, looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: "You're very clever, ain't you now? Pah! I could 'do' fifty like you. . . . It doesn't matter much though. You've got me. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want? . . . Look sharp, and let us go!"

"From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvern locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely cropped iron-gray head of hair beneath.

"I should hope you don't want *further* proof?" the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

"I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim, I now felt certain. In short, my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme."

"The whole scheme!" I exclaimed; "how? I scarcely understand."

"Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly: my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close. . . . Well, I looked from one to the other with perplexity on my face.

"What are you thinking of doing, Mr Inspector?" I asked.

"Why, take this predatory individual—this pike

among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him *this* time); and you must accompany us thither. . . . I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully contrived wedding-present." Saying which, he deposited the notes, the cheque, and the diamonds in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back-room, I instructed him to get a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on; and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong. It would, I must confess, have been difficult for Thomas, my then shopman, to have seen the handcuffed wrists of the pious-looking gentleman; for, to his credit be it said, the trapped fox had contrived to fasten the bottom buttons of his unusually long-tailed frock-coat, and placing his hands beneath, had thus managed to keep the iron bracelets out of sight. Still, there was a decidedly awkward appearance about him, and the heavily limbed inspector certainly did not by his attitude and manner at all resemble a man bent on buying my wares or selling me his; however, Thomas seemed oblivious to what was taking place under his very nose, and hied him for a cab.

"The cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab, and we started for Moor Lane Police Station, Fore Street. I hadn't been seated long before I found that the prisoner's hands were free.

"That's all right," the inspector said, noting my look of surprise. "He's promised me to behave himself; and between ourselves, I don't like to iron a man if I can get him to give in quietly. Besides, our designing friend, with all his cunning, knows who he's got to deal with—that I am more than a match for him. Don't you fear, sir; he won't easily slip through *my* fingers!"

"Well, at length we arrived at the station-house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: "There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into that room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock-and-key (safe bind, safe find, you know), and then I'll come to you. I'll be here in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time, ask for Inspector John Trickett. . . . Pray do not mention our business to any living soul."

"Like a fool and the unsuspecting jackass I was, I did as I was bid. I turned the handle of the door, and entered the room, a square dreary apartment, possessed of nothing to speak of save a huge deal table, four spindle-legged chairs, a map of London, and an almanac; and excepting a framed engraving representing a life-boat making slow progress over a boiling sea, the walls were bare of pictures. In my then state of mind the place seemed horribly monotonous. However, I took up the only newspaper the room boasted of, and seated myself to wait for the end.

"It speedily came. I hadn't been seated long before I heard the cab drive away. "Ah," I said to myself, "the man in blue's too economical to let 'cabby' wait; I suppose I shall be detained here some time. Was there *ever* anything so disagreeable!"

"Fifteen minutes passed. During that time I fidgeted about. There is no disguising the matter; I was terribly perturbed. The most idiotic thoughts passed through my brain. "What if," I found myself asking, "this sham clergyman should eventually prove my destruction? What if, after serving his punishment, he should out of revenge come to my shop and blow out my brains? What?"—But I thought all manner of things which I won't bother you with. Suffice it that another fifteen minutes passed. I rose from my seat; but before I could move a yard towards the door, it opened, and a fine-looking old gentleman—evidently the superintendent—stood before me. We were soon on good terms; I gave him my name and explained my advent, and explained why I was cooped up in what he called his "Private Inquiry Office." He seemed, when I had finished, to labour hard to keep down a laugh.

"Well," he said at length, "you've been done nicely! But you have this consolation, that others have been bit—and to a pretty tidy tune too. You say you are waiting for 'Inspector John Trickett.' There's no such party of that name connected with *this* station. They've carried on a similar game, varied a little, very successfully in all the large towns in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to say nothing about what they've done abroad. . . . Trickett! Ah, a very apt name! The game's been contrived by a trick—and he—they—have let you in the hole. . . . You mustn't suppose me a Job's-comforter when I say that dozens have been swindled by these two clever vulgures. They are nothing else; they prey on their kind as best they may. But this is poor talk, Mr Filby. Let me assure you, to be serious, that all that can be done *shall* be done. But what *can* we do? What can Scotland Yard do? They can only issue a caution to tradesmen generally, and put the matter in the *Hue and Cry*, which probably won't amount to much. And between you and me, Mr Filby, I've repeatedly thought (and very seriously too) that they've got some of our fellows in their pay; I could all but swear it; for were it not so, I am confident they'd have been taken long ago."

"Heartily disgusted, I bade him a surly good-day, and hied me for my shop and counting-house fire. Its genial blaze, however, cheered me not. I was dispirited and chagrined, and possessed of a deep-rooted idea that my hitherto clear brain had gotten a superabundance of mud in it. I felt that I could tear my hair and beat my breast and yell out that I was profoundly miserable.

"But why dwell upon the matter. The story is told. Suffice it then, for your behoof, that I never heard more of these two very original swindlers, and that therefore I got not the slightest return for my loss. I have hitherto, as I have previously told you, kept the matter a profound secret, so that sympathy even has not fallen to my share. There! I'm heartily sick of the whole business. Call me a consummate donkey, if you like, but don't let me hear another word about

the matter. . . Ah! how the time has flown! Let us pull ourselves together, and go indoors and join the ladies.'

LORD HOWE ISLAND.

THIS little-known spot, which measures only six or seven miles in length by two or three miles in width, is the southernmost of the outlying islands off the east coast of Australia. It was discovered by Lieutenant Henry Ball, then in command of His Majesty's ship *Supply*, on the 17th of February 1788, while on a voyage to Norfolk Island from Port Jackson, New South Wales, and was named after Lord Howe. It is situated some four hundred miles north-east from Sydney, and about three hundred miles east from the nearest land, Port Macquarie in New South Wales. Off the north end of the island are the Admiralty Islets, about two miles distant; on the east side, nearer the shore, are the Sugar Loaf and Mutton Bird Islands; and on the west is Goat Island. Some twelve or thirteen miles from Lord Howe Island is plainly seen a very strange-looking peak, called Ball's Pyramid, estimated to be eighteen hundred feet high.

For the following brief notes of this strange little spot and its present condition, we are indebted to a communication lately made to the Royal Geographical Society by Mr Alfred Corrie, who paid a visit to the place in a man-of-war in the early part of 1876. The island is mountainous, the highest points having an elevation of not far short of two thousand eight hundred feet. The soil is described as being in parts very rich indeed, and covered with dense vegetation, the undergrowth being kept comparatively clear by goats and pigs. Three kinds of palms are found on the island, some reaching a great height, the Thatch Palm (so called by the settlers because they use it to thatch their houses), the Cabbage and Umbrella Palms. The Pandanus or Screw Pine is found chiefly on the mountain-sides, and attains a height of some thirty or forty feet. It is called by the inhabitants the 'Tent Tree,' on account of the strange arrangement of its roots, which take their rise from the main trunk at different heights, and gradually extend forwards and downwards, and become fixed in the ground, forming a rough sort of tent.

The most conspicuous tree on the island is perhaps a species of *Ficus*, a gigantic banyan, attaining a great height, and spreading out in all directions its branches, which fall downwards in a most graceful manner. From these branches, adventitious roots are produced, which descend to the ground, then rapidly enlarge, and become in course of time huge stems, drawing nourishment from the earth for the parent branch, which as it extends produces similar root-stems. This tree, which is believed to be confined to the island, possesses many of the characteristics of the famous banyan of India. A strange kind of plant was also met with, which the settlers call the *Stink Plant*, a name which Mr Corrie considers most appropriate, for when its leaves are bruised or its branches broken, it emits a most sickening and offensive odour.

The prevailing winds are said to be during the summer months from the north-east, and in the winter from the south-west; severe westerly gales

are experienced during the winter months, generally from May to September. These winds exercise a most destructive influence over the vegetation of the island, causing the crops to wither away; the only protection the settlers have against them for their crops, &c. are the large belts of trees found in many parts.

The temperature of the climate is said to be most equable, rarely ranging higher than eighty degrees or lower than fifty degrees, and consequently it has been found most healthy for European constitutions. Much rain, however, falls during the year, chiefly from May to July, and sometimes the gardens and flats are flooded by the water, which then descends in torrents from the hill-tops.

When accounts last reached us, the total number of people living on this romantic little spot was forty, comprising fourteen men, eleven women, and fifteen children. Some forty-two years since, Mr White, who visited the island to survey it, states that there were only four men, three New Zealand women, and two children then living on the island. In 1853, Captain Denham found that the number of people residing on the island comprised a little community of sixteen. They are most primitive and simple-minded in all their ideas; one old lady, Mrs Andrews, has been on the island thirty years; has one daughter married, and five grandchildren. She has, she told Mr Corrie, enjoyed excellent health the whole time she has been there; and was most cheerful and happy.

They all appear to lead very moral lives, and bickerings and open quarrels of all kinds are most unusual among them, and distasteful to them; there is one old man in their community, a retired whaler captain, to whom they refer all disputed questions, and whose opinion they regard with every feeling of respect, and whose decision is generally final. Sometimes they are six and even twelve months without a ship of any description anchoring off their island; they told their visitors that it was more than five years since a man-of-war had visited them.

When Mr Corrie arrived, many of the inhabitants were almost in a state of starvation, owing to the fact that vessels from New Caledonia and Sydney, which were in the habit of calling, had failed to do so for some months. Consequently the produce of the island—onions, potatoes, &c.—which they exchange for tea, sugar, salt, clothing, &c., was rotting in their storehouses. It is pleasant to know, however, that their visitors good-naturedly gave them such a supply as they could spare of tea, sugar, biscuit, soap, &c.

There are fifteen dwelling-houses on the island besides granaries and piggeries, all built, with few exceptions, of that Thatch Palm before alluded to; and one or two that are less primitive and more durable are raised on stone blocks, boarded up with some Australian pine, and roofed with galvanised iron. The entrance-door is in the centre of a fair-sized room, the sitting-room; the sleeping apartments are at each end; there is no fireplace; the kitchen is formed of one room or compartment a few yards from the house, with a fireplace at one end and a sort of larder at the other, which serves as a dining-room for the family. Their houses are kept very clean, and are both cool and comfortable.

In concluding his interesting remarks on Lord

Howe Island and its Robinson Crusoe population, Mr Corrie says it is but just to state that during the few days he spent with the people he thoroughly enjoyed their kind and simple manners, which were most winning. Their extreme gratitude for any little attention or kindness was most marked; and he feels quite sure that had he or any of his shipmates been left behind, they would have experienced the greatest possible kindness from the islanders. Mr Corrie strongly advises any who may be cruising in the neighbourhood of Lord Howe Island to pay it a visit, and he assures them that they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

IRISH TRAITS.

A READY answer is often useful; and there is at times no better defensive weapon than a sharp repartee, in every class of life. A young cornet of dragoons who hunted with the Kildare hounds for a season, felt the truth of this rather keenly on one occasion. His great ambition was to excel in the hunting-field; but so far from establishing a character for 'going,' or being in the first flight, the luckless Nimrod was always getting into grief of some kind or other.

Miss P—, a well-known character in the county, was hunting that year with the Kildare hounds. She was a perfect horsewoman, rode at her fences with consummate pluck, and was invariably in at 'the death.' Nothing annoyed our young cornet of dragoons so much as to find himself perpetually distanced by this strong-minded and able-bodied lady. When he had ruefully turned away from an ugly fence and was looking about for a friendly gate, to see her put her horse boldly at it and fly over like a bird, was gall and wormwood to his feelings. It was too derogatory to be continually given the go-by by a middle-aged spinster, who, moreover, whenever disaster befell him, seemed to be always on the spot to witness his discomfiture.

It chanced they met—the lady and the soldier—at a country-house in Kildare where a large party was staying. Every one was assembled at breakfast, when the youth, smarting from some hunting disaster of the day before, thought he would attack Miss P— and 'shew her up' before the company. All at the long breakfast-table knew her to be one whose tongue could cut as sharply as her hunting-whip, and who was never at a loss for a repartee; but the young man rushed boldly at the enemy.

'Miss P—,' said he, 'I'm told you're the most learned lady in Kildare. You know everything, so there's no puzzling you. Can you, poising his spoon over the top of his unbroken egg—can you inform me why this duck-egg is blue?'

'Well,' replied she, 'I don't know; but perhaps you would look blue yourself if you were just about to be knocked on the head by a fool.'

The soldier did not return to the charge.

A noticeable thing it is how seldom the power of repartee, which they so abundantly possess, is exerted in an offensive way by Irish beggars to whom alms are refused. On the contrary, instead of the stinging word disappointment might be expected to provoke, the reply is meek and resigned, if not grateful sometimes: 'Well, thank ye, anyway, for the kind answer, if it's nothing else ye're giving us. 'Tisn't always we get that same.'

And what a torrent of blessings a few coppers will procure! blessings, be it remarked, more often spiritual than temporal. I have seen a young stranger, unused to this form of expressing gratitude, and whose mind at the moment was probably less occupied with the future than the present, start visibly at the fervent 'That you may have a happy death, and a favourable judgment,' invoked by the gift of a small coin.

Whether it is from the naturally religious feeling of the people, or because this world has to the poor comparatively little attraction, their wishes for their benefactors refer chiefly to that which is to come: 'That what you're giving to me may be before you where you're going!' 'That as you've covered my body here, the Lord may cover your soul there!' 'That the prayers of the widow and the orphan may meet you at the gates of heaven!' 'Long life to you, and a happy end!' And if they perceive by your mourning garb that you have lost a friend, their words are, 'That the soul that has gone from you may be in peace and rest!'

The patience of the Irish poor in the midst of their privations is very touching; and in town especially, the sight of the long rows of shop-windows filled with their tempting display of comforts and luxuries, must to them be trying in the extreme. Pitiful it is to see, on a bitter winter's day, some poor shivering creature, with old threadbare cloak strained over the half-clad limbs of the starveling child in her arms, standing—her naked feet on the icy flags—before the window of a draper's shop. How yearningly, with longing eyes, she gazes at those rich bales of flannel—the bright scarlet rolls seeming to light up the place with warmth and colour. And the piles of great thick blankets cunningly displayed! Oh, the rapture of nestling among those delicious folds, burying herself, as it were, in their soft, warm, woolly depths! Comfort she may picture, but alas! never experience.

And how tantalising is the eating-house window with its array of tempting joints and appetising food; the well-filled dishes only separated by the 'envious pane' from the hungry looker-in. The door opens; a gush of savoury steam escapes, as a man comes out who has been dining—his satisfied looks and visage unctuous and flushed from meat and drink, a contrast indeed to the poor pinched face and hollow eyes meekly up-raised; while from the trembling lips—blue with cold—comes the timid prayer for charity.

'Nothing for you; pass on!' is the rough reply; and she does so, turning away with a bitter sigh and a murmured: 'Well, God spare you to your comforts.'

Few of us have experienced the grim realities of cold and hunger, or can understand the miserable irritability they cause. We may have remarked, or in ourselves felt in a degree, the proverbial 'crossness' of the before-dinner half-hour, when the meal has been unduly delayed; and those who fast on principle can realise the sinking, depressed, irritable feeling produced by want of food. A salutary result, by the way, of this observance, when its practice enables us to sympathise with our suffering fellow-creatures. This being so, it is, as already remarked, wonderful how meekly the poor take the refusal of what they ask. One would imagine that the sight of the

wealth, of which in vain they crave so small a share, would goad them into bitter retort and venomous words—that they would hate the rich for their abundant fullness of all themselves do miserably lack—that anathemas, not blessings, would be on their lips.

‘Mary, honey, how can they die?’ I heard one woman say to another as a train of carriages filled with gaily dressed company equipped for a fête, rolled by. ‘Mary, honey,’ and her friend were basket-women, and blithe and buxom dames enough. Perhaps, had they known it, life might have been as enjoyable to themselves, even with the drawbacks of poverty, as to some of the fine ladies after whom they cast such envious glances. They would have marvelled incredulously had any one told them that all this glitter might not be unalloyed gold; that silks and satins and gorgeous clothes could not guarantee their wearers against the cares and sufferings of humanity; that it was possible for a breast upon which costly jewels sparkled, to be torn with anxieties and feel the sting of baffled schemes—disappointed hopes. Weal is, after all, more equally blended with woe than we are apt to imagine. Of course, to the utterly destitute this remark does not apply; but it is consoling to think how widely the ‘blessed law of compensation’ prevails in the world.

The subject of poverty naturally leads to the means employed to relieve it. Among these, charity sermons were in former years resorted to with the most success. There is a fashion in everything, even in sermons, and the fashion of that day was working strongly upon the feelings, and by vividly drawn pictures and touching descriptions, appealing to the hearts and pockets of the hearers. On the occasion of a sermon for some favourite charity, everything that could address itself to the senses was pressed into the service. If for a school or orphan asylum, the plates were handed about by little children, chosen for their interesting appearance. These were escorted through the church by gentlemen, who remained at the door of the pews while the small collectors went round inside. The square old-fashioned pew was extant in those days. Ladies, the most influential in the county, collected after the sermon, for hospitals and other charities; their selection for this office being determined by position, popularity, and personal qualities.

The most successful preacher of charity sermons of his time, in Ireland, was the Hon. and Rev. Ludlow Tonson, afterwards Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe. He was a perfect master of the sensational style of preaching, now obsolete; and his power of harrowing up the feelings by heart-rending descriptions of the misery for which he was pleading, was irresistible. When it was announced that a charity had been fortunate enough to secure him for its advocate, crowds from far and near flocked in to hear him, and the collections obtained were great in proportion. Christ-church in Cork, being from its size capable of accommodating a larger congregation than the other churches of the place, was the chief scene of his addresses.

Among the earliest recollections of the writer of these pages was the being present as a child at one of those charity sermons. It was a great privilege, where every foot of space was an object; but the preacher was an old friend of the family and its

guest on the occasion, and a member of it was, moreover, one of the ladies appointed to carry round the collecting-plates. Long before the service began, the church was filled to overflowing. Breathless multitudes hung with rapt attention upon the tones of a voice exquisitely modulated, and endowed with a peculiar gift of expressing the most delicate shades of emotion, and carrying home to the heart eloquent and touching descriptions. As the discourse proceeded, tears began to flow freely, and now and then a smothered sob might be heard through the church. The whole of that vast assemblage was swayed—as it had been but one soul—by the pathos of those earnest pleadings, those powerfully wrought scenes of suffering and woe. How all inadequate, as these grew in intensity, seemed to the excited hearers the sum they had brought out in purse and pocket for contribution! And when at last the appeal was ended and streaming eyes were dried, and there came the soft fall of bank-notes and a clink of gold and silver upon the plates, there poured in upon them from eager hands, rings, watches, pencil-cases, bracelets, scent-bottles, to be redeemed afterwards by their owners with liberal offerings in current coin of the realm.

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence when pulpit sensation was at its height. One cannot wonder at the impulsive Hibernian temperament being thus worked up to enthusiasm, when it is on record that a tourist from another country passing through Cork, and going by chance into Christ-church on the occasion of a charity sermon, was so moved by Ludlow Tonson’s eloquence that he redeemed the watch he had put on the plate by a cheque for a hundred pounds.

The well-known benevolence of the preacher enhanced the effect of his words. He was, when a young curate, a comparatively poor man, and when applied to for a case of distress would strip himself of every farthing he had by him; often, to the dismay of his housekeeper, giving away the blankets off his beds. Being one day waited on by a party who were collecting funds for some charitable object, his reply was: ‘Gentlemen, I have no money; but there is my cow in the field, you can take her;’ and they drove the animal off. Afterwards, when Lord Riversdale and Bishop of Killaloe, he devoted almost all his private means and the whole income of the see to the cause of charity. This gifted and good man died unmarried, his title becoming extinct.

While on the subject of sermons, I cannot resist repeating a conversation between a friend and his farm-servant, which illustrates the remark already made, that an Irishman is rarely at a loss for a reply or an excuse.

‘That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?’ said the gentleman.

‘True for you, yer honour, an iligant one! It done me a power of good intirely.’

‘I’m glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?’

‘Oh, well,’ scratching his head, ‘I don’t rightly—not just exactly know. I—a—I—A’ where’s the use in telling lies? Sure I don’t remember one single ‘dividual word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all.’

‘And yet you say it did you a power of good!’

‘So it did, sir. I’ll stick to that.’

‘I don’t see how.’

'Well now, yer honour, look here. There's my shirt that the wife is after washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch, or blue, has stayed in, d'ye see. And that's just the same with me and that sermon. It's run through me, yer honour, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it.'

There was more philosophy than he was aware of in the quaint reasoning of the man. An impression for good or evil is often left upon the mind and bears fruit, when what has caused the influence has passed away from our memories.

CURIOUS ANIMAL AVERSIONS.

Sometimes, for no very apparent reasons, animals will evince special antipathy towards one out of a crowd of persons. These animal-aversions, as we will call them, are not at all times easily accounted for, seeing that the object of antipathy may be a child, or as in the following case, a lady, who we are assured had never given the animals the slightest cause for jealousy or ill-feeling. Our correspondent writes as follows:

'Some time ago, in company with some of my relatives and friends, I paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton. One lady of the party, Mrs M—, had travelled with her husband in foreign countries, and expressed herself very fearless about wild beasts. Before entering the monkey-house, she informed us there was one monkey which had taken a great dislike to her, and however long a period elapsed between her visits, its recognition of her was almost instantaneous. The house in which the monkeys were confined had cages round the wall, and a huge one in the centre in which were a large number of all sizes and shades. We entered on the tiptoe of expectation to see if this time it would recognise her. We were not long in determining which was the enemy. One of the tribe jumped from its perch and clung to the bars nearest to us, chattering and grinning in a frightful manner. Whichever side of the cage we stood the monkey followed, all the time intently watching Mrs M—, who had with her ginger snaps and nuts, with which she proceeded to feed the other monkeys.

'Seeing this, Mrs M—'s enemy sprang upon them, seized the food, and threw it back angrily in her face, chattering and screaming in great fury; and I am not sure if it was not the same monkey that succeeded in tearing off some deep lace Mrs M— wore round her mantle, and climbing on to the topmost perch, commenced tearing it in pieces.

'I was not sorry when we left his ugly grinning face and screeching voice behind us, and paid a visit to the lion and tiger house. Here, Mrs M— informed us, was a tiger which would shew its dislike as much as the monkey had done. On seeing her, it began to growl fiercely, and turning, walked slowly to the other end of the cage; then facing us again, he threw himself with great force against the strong bars, which, had they yielded to the shock, would have involved certain death to Mrs M—, who, fixing her eyes on the enormous beast, and shaking her umbrella at it, exclaimed: "I should like to tame

you." A gentleman standing near watching the proceedings said: "It is your eye it does not like." And here I should mention, Mrs M— has very dark and prominent eyes. After visiting other parts of the gardens, we returned to take a last farewell of the tiger. It was agreed Mrs M— was to stay outside, while some of our party entered, myself among the number. We stood before its cage and commenced to make remarks about it; but beyond looking at us very quietly, no further notice was taken. On the entrance of Mrs M—, nearly the same scene ensued as at the first visit; at length the huge animal gave a loud roar, in which all the other lions and tigers joined. Nearly all rushed from the place but Mrs M—, who stood her ground before the cage while the roaring continued, while the keepers ran in haste to learn the cause of the disturbance. We then left the gardens, commenting on the strange conduct and knowledge of the monkey and tiger, which after so long a period, had recognised and so unmistakably expressed their great dislike to Mrs M—.'

LYRICAL BALLAD.

[The following is a correct copy of the much-admired ballad written by the Marquis of Montrose, a sketch of whose history appears in the present number. It is conceived in the true Cavalier style.]

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world—of THEE—
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest Monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a *Synod* in mine heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne:
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each *subject* at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *Committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,
And *famous* by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown, and deck thee all, with bays,
And love thee more and more.

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